

*The Historie*

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church: Company, villanous company hath beene the spoile of me.

*Bar.* Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you can not liue long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdy song, make mee merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, did not aboute seuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy house, not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needs bee out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanterne in the poepe, but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, ile bee sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. In neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there hee is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my othe should bee, By this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke, thou hadst bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euermore bon-fire light, thou hast saued me, a thousand Marks in Links, and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the sacke, that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

How

*of Henry the fourth.*

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquired? *Enter Host.* yet who pick't my pocket?

*Host.* Why sir Iohn, what doe you thinke, sir Iohn? doe you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue scatch't, I haue enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the right of a haire, was neuer lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, Hostesse, Bardell was shau'd and lost many a haire: and ile be sworne, my pocket was pick't: goto, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who, I? No, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer call'd so in mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Goto, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn: I know you sir Iohn, you owe me money, sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filthy doulas, I haue giuen them away to Bakers wives, they haue made boulders of them.

*Host.* Now as I am a true woman, holland of viits, an ell: you owe money here besides, sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and money lent you xxiii. pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Host.* Hee alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How poore: looke vpon his face. What call you rich let them coyne his nose, let them coyne his cheekes, let them pay a denier: what, will you make a yonker of mee? I shall not take mine ease in mine linn: but I shall haue my pocket pick't: I haue lost a seale ring of my grandfathers worth fortie marks.

*Host.* O Iesu! I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How? the prince is a lacke, a sneake up: Zbloud and he were here, I would cutt off him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the prince marching, and Falstaff meets him.*

*Fal.* How now, lad? is the winde in that doore that must we all march through?

*Bar.* Yea, two, and two, Newgate fashion.

*Host.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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